

121 (or 11^2) by notalone91

Series: [Drabble Shuffle \[15\]](#)

Category: Doctor Who, Doctor Who (2005), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble, Eleventh Doctor Era, Gen, I Blame Tumblr, One Shot, Other, Short & Sweet, Short One Shot, So i didn't know, So now my gift to you, Someone said "eleven" in a post before i watched stranger things but it was untagged, enjoy, is this, middle of the night ramblings, unbetaed

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Eleventh Doctor

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Summary:

Canon compliant to ST and to a lesser extent DW, takes place after 11 goes off in search of Mel.

The doctor hears a child's cry in the night and it leads him to Hawkins, Indiana, 1983 and a girl with unique powers of her own.

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A/N: I don't own Stranger Things or Doctor Who. I was merely fleshing out a scenario that happened in my head because all of the text posts I'd previously been confused by thinking they were Eleven(th Doctor) when they were really Eleven make sense now and I thought I should document it.

Every night he hears them, the cries of the universe's children. Tonight is no different, except he can't seem to drown this one out. A little girl. A piercing scream. "PAPA!" Followed by some of the most heartbreaking sobs he's ever heard.

And he knows heartbreak. He's got two for heaven's sake.

He brings the TARDIS in just outside a towering chain link fence guarding a tall, ominous brown building. Just the type he'd grown to hate in his centuries of interaction with the human race. With that cry, he knew this building would prove more of the same. Tossing his jacket over his shoulder and grabbing his sonic, he raced off toward the building.

"Hawkins National Laboratory. U.S. Department of Energy," he read aloud to no one. "Well, if that's not code for the Heebie Jeebies chapter of Malevolent Mysteries Megacorporation, I'm not The Doctor." He looked down at his tweed blazer and straightened his bowtie. "Good thing I am, then."

Brandishing his psychic paper at security guard stationed at the door, he moved inside without any hassle whatsoever. He dipped inside the first door he came to, slipping on a labcoat. "Come out, come out, wherever you are," he chorused to himself. He passed by door after identical door in the labyrinthine corridors. Finally, a gut-wrenching scream shattered the eerie silence. It was coming from the end of the hall. When he reached the door, he zapped it open effortlessly, only heightening the child's screams. "Hello, I'm the doctor," he greeted, kneeling down to the imprisoned child, mind reeling at the horrors they must have seen. "What's your name, then?"

Silence. The child quivered in fear, her- yes, definitely her- big brown eyes avoiding his at all costs. He stood back up for a moment, taking in the whole sight of her. Shaved head, electrodes galore, hospital gown, slight of frame, barren room... No. No, this would not pass.

“Are you alright, then?” Nothing still. He crouched back down again, putting his elbows on his knees. “Can’t you talk? I promise I’m not all that bad,” he offered, reaching out his hand to her. She retreated farther into the corner, tears streaming steadily down her hollow cheeks. He stood back up to his full height, doing a quick lap of the half of the room nearer the door. “Now, understand, I’m not normally one for this type of action,” he started, wringing his hands anxiously, “but in this instance, I can’t possibly believe it’s unjust. So, if you’ve no objections, I’d like to take you away from this place.” The little girl whimpered, terrified. “Alright then, I’ll take that as a yes.” He swept the lump of a child into his arms and took off back in the direction of the TARDIS.

Unfortunately, the way was not to be easy. “Hey, you,” came a voice from a few doors away. He reached into his pocket for his paper and sonic, but swiftly found them knocked from his hands. “Where do you think you’re going?”

The brute stood too close, breath too hot, stance too threatening. “As I was trying to show you earlier, I’m the doctor, on loan from MI6 and, if you’d allow me to,” he reached down for his belongings, grip tightening around the girl’s waist, as the burly security guard began to audibly growl, clenching his fists. He wasn’t sure if that was meant to be menacing or not, but it wouldn’t prove to matter much. As the lug drew back his fist, readying to lay the doctor out flat, the man flew backwards, as if hit by an invisible semi. He looked around for a fleeting moment.

Drip. Drip drip. Tiny droplets of blood met with the doctor’s hand a few times, and he pondered their source before finally looking up at the small girl who’d gone slightly more limp in his arms. A tiny trickle of blood ran from her nose and her eyes flickered shut.

“Oh, no. No, no, no, no,” he fussed, shaking the girl awake as he scrambled to recollect the sonic and his psychic paper and remove the pair of them before any other interruptions unfolded.

They made it out of the building and back to the TARDIS reasonably unnoticed, save for a nurse-type who seemed too flustered at the sight of a child in the building to have even noticed that they were leaving.

The doctor put the girl down in a chair at the console, getting them off of that compound as he tried to figure her out. He scanned her briefly. Human. Full stop. Not a single strand of inhuman DNA. So, why the telekenisis?

The girl's eyes darted back to clear, panting as she struggled to regain her senses.

"Welcome back," the doctor chorused, offering his hand again. "I'm the doctor." The girl held hers out tentatively, palm up. When he took it to shake, she recoiled, tappint at a small space near to her elbow on the underside of her arm, then tapping her chest silently. He looked down at her arm and sure enough, there were markings. 011. "Zero-one-one," he asked.

She blinked at him a few times, before offering a brief, hoarse, "No." The doctor grinned a small grin. "You can talk. I thought so." She tapped her arm again, unphased. "So... Eleven? Is that what you're called?" he asked. She nodded back. "That's me as well," he cooed, eyes brightening up as though she'd just told him she was a professional footballer or that she hated apples, too. "Though, I doubt your eleven and my eleven mean anything near the same thing. Mine is a bit of a long story but I'm much more interested in yours if you'd care to share?" She shoved herself back in the chair and away from his questions. "Alright, then. Maybe later. First, I think we should..." Just then, a loud noise came from outside. He took a glance through the screen, eyes wide. "Stay here," he said, voice too stern for even his own liking. He took off through the doors and into the woods.

The girl waited as long as she could, but before long, she too took off into the night, but not before taking a glance back from where she'd come and coming to a complete, wide-eyed stop. There was no way the room she'd been sitting in just then had all been contained in that tiny wooden box. Her heart pounded in her chest as she took a few steps back toward it, knocking the door back open.

Bigger on the inside.

She let out a sharp scream. Something deeper out there rustled at the sound and she took off.

"Eleven," came the doctor's voice in the distance. "Eleven, wait! Stop!"

Now that the monster was off of him, the doctor raced back to the TARDIS and checked for just what manner of beastie he was dealing with. Demogorgon. He gulped. He had to save that little girl. She was strong but this was something so much bigger.

The TARDIS whirred to life and he was back in the chase. He'd find them both, child and monster, and still alive if it was the last thing he did.

Eleven opens the small box on the wooded floor, pulling out the saran wrapped eggos and smiling to herself.

“Ready to go back to your friends, El?” The doctor asks again. He asks every time they stop to check the box.

Every time her answer is the same. “Not time yet. I’ll know.”

He smiles down at the little girl, full of so much spark. “I wouldn’t doubt it.”